I care not what, ſo it be wholſome foode.
Gru. What ſay you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis paſſing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate,
How ſay you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What ſay you to a peece of Beefe and Muſtard?
Kate. A diſh that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I but the Muſtard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay then I will not, you ſhall haue the Muſtard
Or elſe you get no Beefe of *Grumio*.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Muſtard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlaue,
Beats him.
That feed'ſt me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my miſerie:
Go get thee gone I ſay.
Enter Petruchio, and Hortenſio with meate.
Petr. How fares my Kate, what ſweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Miſtris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Plucke vp thy ſpirits, looke cheerefully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſſe thy meate my ſelfe, and bring it thee.
I am ſure ſweet Kate, this kindneſſe merits thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then thou lou'ſt it not:
And all my paines is ſorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this diſh.
Kate. I pray you let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt ſeruice is repaide with thankes,
And ſo ſhall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you ſir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are to blame:
Come Miſtris Kate, Ile beare you companie.
Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortenſio*, if thou loueſt mee:

Much

Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers houſe,
And reuell it as brauely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and thinges
With Scarfes, and fannes, and double change of brau'
With Amber Bracelets, Beads, and all this knau'ry.
What haſt thou din'd? The Tailor ſtayes thy leaſure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treaſure.
Enter Tailor.
Come Tailor, let vs ſee theſe ornaments
Enter Haberdaſher
Lay forth the Gowne. What newes with you ſir?
Fel. Heere is the cap your Worſhip did beſpeake.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Veluet diſh: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a wallnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it come let me haue a bigger.
Kate. Ile haue no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare ſuch caps as theſe.
Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall haue one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſt.
Kate. Why ſir I truſt I may haue leaue to ſpeake,
And ſpeake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your beters haue indur'd me ſay my minde
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your eares,
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or elſe my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it ſhall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermoſt as I pleaſe in words.
Pet. Why thou ſaieſt true, it is a paltrie cap,
A cuſtard coffen a bauble, a ſilken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.
Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.
Pet. Thy gowne why I: come Tailor let vs ſee't.